

The Amateur Adventurer

By Ellis Parker Butler

YOU get very few things in this world unless you go after them. This is as true of adventures as of any other desirable matter; and when a man is as bored by his existence as Morley Smith was, it is not strange that he should seek adventure.

As he sat in his easy chair at his club—a most highly respectable and gloomy club—his life seemed to him about as tame and colorless as possible. He was close to fifty years old, a bachelor, and with enough money to do what he wished. For something like eight years he had been sustained by an ambition. He lived at the club, finding that the most comfortable mode of life, and for eight years he had planned, and mildly schemed to become the tenant of Room 45, the most desirable room in the club. It was high in the air, so that one was not awak-

en by early street noises; it was flooded by the morning sun in winter; it overlooked the small roof-garden next door, from which on pleasant evenings during the warm period very good music sounded. Every resident member of the club coveted Room 45, and made plans to capture it when old Jason Birch gave it up. Every one knew old Jason Birch would not give it up until he died. For eight years, therefore, Morley Smith had had a real object in life; but now Jason Birch had died, and Morley Smith was domiciled in Room 45, and he felt that life had temporarily lost its savor. Where was his great ambition? It was achieved. He felt lost.

Morley Smith may be described, beginning at the ground, as the neatest shoes (which he called boots), the best-fitting spats and the most beautiful trousers in New York. He knew more about people than most men. He was a good club member, and he was a good club member. He was a good club member, and he was a good club member.



HE, MORLEY SMITH, WAS ACTUALLY IN A STRANGE FLAT WHERE HE HAD NO BUSINESS TO BE.

ened by early street noises; it was flooded by the morning sun in winter; it overlooked the small roof-garden next door, from which on pleasant evenings during the warm period very good music sounded. Every resident member of the club coveted Room 45, and made plans to capture it when old Jason Birch gave it up. Every one knew old Jason Birch would not give it up until he died. For eight years, therefore, Morley Smith had had a real object in life; but now Jason Birch had died, and Morley Smith was domiciled in Room 45, and he felt that life had temporarily lost its savor.

Where was his great ambition? It was achieved. He felt lost. Morley Smith may be described, beginning at the ground, as the neatest shoes (which he called boots), the best-fitting spats and the most beautiful trousers in New York. He knew more about people than most men. He was a good club member, and he was a good club member. He was a good club member, and he was a good club member.

When the chaplains came to the club wearing their khaki uniforms, Morley Smith was more than ever. They, lucky lads, were going to have a taste of what the club was worth. Every one of them was a good club member, and he was a good club member. He was a good club member, and he was a good club member.

When the chaplains came to the club wearing their khaki uniforms, Morley Smith was more than ever. They, lucky lads, were going to have a taste of what the club was worth. Every one of them was a good club member, and he was a good club member. He was a good club member, and he was a good club member.

Suddenly, with the war, being a banker became a real job. The banker began financing for the government or selling bonds for the government. For the genuine clubman there was nothing. You jolly well want to be a banker, and you want to be a banker. You want to be a banker, and you want to be a banker.



author told Morley Smith, adventure waited for the coming of the adventurer, and he proved it by giving instances that became short stories of such interest that Morley Smith forgot to sip his drink as he read. Behind every door! You merely picked out the door and tapped on it, and the door opened, and the adventure was there.

MORLEY SMITH finished the book and looked up at the familiar surroundings of the lounge-room of the club. A great city teeming with adventure, and he sitting here in this dead, boring hole, dying of slow death. I say what? He felt in his breast-pocket for his purse, opened it and assured himself that there were enough twenties among the smaller bills to see him through any reasonable adventure. He reached the purse and tapped the bell for a final drink. He drank with a sense of pleasant excitement, made sure he had a couple of clean handkerchiefs in his pocket (he never went out without taking that precaution), and then he looked at the clock. Arthur held the comfortable, furnished case as Morley Smith slipped off his hat and yawned. He yawned before he handed it to Morley Smith with a "thank you" that was either a compliment or a rebuke. Morley Smith had entered against his name on the Christmas gratuity-sheet of the year before, on gratuity for what Morley Smith was expected to sign this coming Christmas. To the doorman who opened the door of the taxi cab standing before the club Morley Smith mentioned a street and number.

The street and number he had chosen at random, in the manner of true adventurers, and before they reached it he saw the driver scanning the street with his eyes. They drew up before a church.

"I think this is it, sir," said the driver. Morley Smith looked at the church. It was an entirely respectable and well-known church, and he saw the driver scanning the street with his eyes. They drew up before a church. "I think this is it, sir," said the driver. Morley Smith looked at the church. It was an entirely respectable and well-known church, and he saw the driver scanning the street with his eyes.

The flat-building was divided in the middle by a hall. Morley Smith could see this hall as he stepped out of the glass in the door. He pushed the doors open and entered. He found himself, on the street level, in a small vestibule with walls tiled and hideously decorated above, and set in the tiles were two rows of letter boxes. Some were covered with visiting cards and some were empty. Morley Smith examined them all—Hirsch, Casey, Wildman and so on—and pushed the button labeled "Up." The door opened, and Morley Smith opened the door while the clicking continued. He knew enough about flats to know this was an invitation to enter. The hall was not at all inviting to

one who was accustomed to the dull elegance of wealthy town and country houses. There was a strong, warm odor of cooking foods, a mingling of various dinners, not pleasant to a man who had dined; yet it was not unpleasant, as might have been expected. The figured carpet on the stairs was worn to the warp on the edges of the treads. The cheap natural oak railing was in need of varnish, and the single gas jet flared at one corner. Morley Smith looked upward. Dimness and adventure were there! He mounted the stairs. He mounted slowly, so as not to lose his breath. As he neared the third floor he saw a light, for a door was ajar; and as he raised his head to the level of the landing he saw a woman standing in the doorway, awaiting him.

"Oh! excuse me," she said, although she had done nothing. "I am Frank's wife. I was waiting for him. The amateur adventurer was before the door now. He removed his hat and bowed. "My name is Morley Smith. I have a card here somewhere. May I come in?"

"I suppose you want to see Mr. Casey?"

"Yes, please," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

restaurant carrying two or three paper bags. As he closed the door behind him the man looked up to the very young woman who stood before him and waved a hand. The adventurer stepped back and moved aside to give the young woman a perfect idiot. Here was an ordinary young wife frying pork chops, and she was not at all an adventurer. The man looked up to the very young woman who stood before him and waved a hand. The adventurer stepped back and moved aside to give the young woman a perfect idiot.

Morley Smith felt deeply and painfully the difference between the sort of chaps an author sends on adventures and himself. One of those chaps would have a lot of things to say, don't you know? The things the chap would say would make it all right—make an adventure of it. Morley Smith raised suddenly that, by Jove, he didn't have a thing to say, what?

This chap would come up the stairs and open the door and say, "Well, what is it?" and Morley Smith would not know what to say. He would look a perfect fool. What? I say, you know, it was a silly business.

He heard the bell ring in the kitchen in answer to the husband's touch on the button below, and he imagined the clattering of the clock on the entrance floor downstairs. He walked to the door that led to the outer hall. He looked. He heard Mrs. Casey walking to the other door from the narrow hall into the outer hall—and he fled back to his chair.

"Hello, Toots!" he heard the husband say. "Late, but I bring you something. How's her kid-lets?"

"I am something good!" he heard the husband say, and then he did not quite hear what the wife said, but he knew it was a warning that a man was in the parlor. "That so?" said the husband. "Take these packages, will you?"

"Mrs. Casey opened the parlor door. This was her husband, Mr. Casey," she said. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

"I am Mr. Casey's friend," said Morley Smith. "I am Mr. Casey's friend."

THE MIRRORS OF DOWNING

SOME POLITICAL REFLECTIONS

BY "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER."

Copyrighted by G. P. Putnam's Sons. All Rights Reserved by United Feature Syndicate.

Lloyd George

(The Right Honorable David Lloyd George—born Manchester, 1863; son of a Welsh farmer; educated at the Hope Street Unitarian School, Liverpool. Educated in a Welsh Church School and at the University of Wales. By profession a solicitor. President of the House of Commons, 1905-1915; Minister of Munitions, 1915-16; Secretary for War, 1916; Prime Minister, 1916-1921.)

If you think about it, no one since Napoleon has appeared on the earth who attracts so universal an interest as Lloyd George.

It is significant, I think, how completely a politician should overshadow all the great soldiers and sailors charged with their nation's very life in the severest and infinitely the most critical military struggle of man's history.

A democratic age, lacking in color and aesthetic to romance, somewhat obscure for us the pictorial achievement of this remarkable figure. He lacks only a crown, a robe and a gilded chair easily to outshine in visible pictorial sequence the great emperor. His achievement, when we consider what hung upon it, is greater than that of any other man of his origin more complex. And yet, who does not feel the greatness of Napoleon, and who does not suspect the shallowness of Lloyd George?

History, it is certain, will unmask his pretensions and reveal a rough, perhaps with an angry hand; but all the more because of this unrelenting tendency to discard anything that would detract from the crowd about the exposed hero asking, and perhaps for centuries, the question of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

There was not a man who heard him without being struck by the force of his argument. The trade secrets were pooled. The supply of munitions was hastened. The man of the period, when he is profoundly moved and when he permits his genuine emotion to carry him away, can utter an appeal to conscience with anything like so compelling a simplicity. His failure lies in his growing tendency to discard anything that would detract from the crowd about the exposed hero asking, and perhaps for centuries, the question of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it. In the early days of his career, Lloyd George was a schoolmaster, who grew up in a shoemaker's shop and whose boyish games were played in the streets of a Welsh hamlet remote from all the influences of education and all the clangors of industrialism, announced to a breathless crowd without any pretense of pomp and circumstance, and with a brief and a tempestuous gesture of dismissal the edge of the world's stage.

How is it that this politician has attained to such a prominence? Another incident helps to explain it